

Receipts for Laughter by the best Comic Artists in America

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MR. E. Z. MARK MEETS AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

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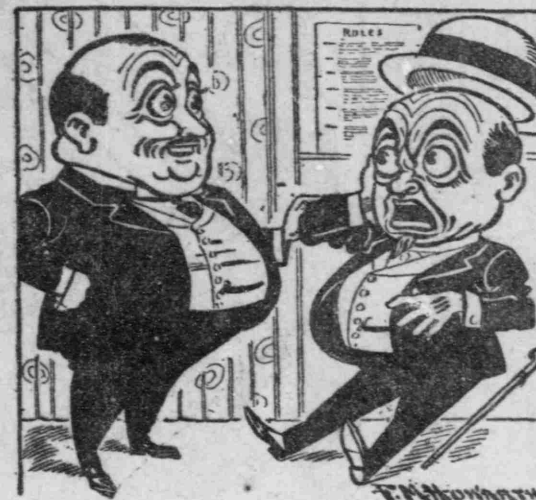
1.—EXCITED PARTY—Mr. Mark, I'm a keeper over at the Sanitarium. Our most dangerous patient has escaped and is at large. If you meet him be careful. He has homicidal mania. He will demand one hundred dollars or your life.



2.—EXCITED PARTY—As you value your life, don't refuse him. Give him the money; otherwise he will kill you. If you meet the fierce creature please report it at once at the Sanitarium, and Dr. Strickner will refund the money.



3.—FEROCIOUS-LOOKING CREATURE—W-E-O-W! Another victim! Hand over one hundred dollars, or I'll crush you to atoms!
MR. E. Z. (aside)—Gee! This must be him. I must show no fear. How fortunate that keeper warned me. Here, Your Majesty, is the one hundred dollars you require.



4.—MR. E. Z. (rushing into Sanitarium)—I met him! Gave him the hundred! He looked fierce. Phew! what a run!
DR. STRICKNER—I don't understand you. We have no homicidal mania patients here. None of our patients has escaped. You met none of our keepers. Mr. Mark, you've been buncoed by two sharpers. Ha, ha!

A BUGVILLE MUSICIAN



Professor Centipede Gives a Musicales.

NOW, WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?

IN JUNGLE SOCIETY.

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AH! I'LL FOOL PROF. HIPPO!



HE'LL THINK THIS IS SOME RARE PLANT!



AH! A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE CAUDA LEONIS!



WHAT, KIND OF A JOKE ARE YOU TRYING TO PLAY ON ME, EH?

Professor Hippo Finds a Rare and Curious Plant.

NOW, WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?

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A callow, sallow stripling Took to tipping and to Kipling, And was bold, and brave, and bad as he could be.



He attained the 7th Heaven, Added 5 and then 11, With the sinister result of 23.



Did this silly, stripling quail, Quake and tremble, and turn pale When confronted by these fateful numbers? Nix!



Quite unconscious of all trouble, Or that he was seeing double, He remarked—"Great Scott, I'm glad it's 46!"



"How do you feel?" my sister called. I hate to cause her fright.



So through a crack I answered back, "I'm feeling out of sight!"



"How do you feel?" my brother asked, With a bewildered frown.



"Old chap," I said, "believe me, I Am feeling quite cast down."

WHEN THE WORLD IS YOUNG



"Say, Mister Mesmerist, wot'll yer charge ter put dis kid in er six months' trance?"



"Scuse me, Thomas, but in de interest of natural history, would youse mind telling me if dat is a hoss or a camel?"



"How's dat fer er game kid, Johnnie?"

AIN'T MEN THE WRETCHES?

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1. MRS. SNOOKS—John Snooks, I tell you that I SHALL give that luncheon. It will only cost two hundred dollars, and you will have to stand for it.
MR. SNOOKS (aside)—By jove, these unnecessary extravagances must be stopped. And, by jove! I think I see a way, too. (Aloud) All right, Clara, I'll raise the money somehow.



2. MR. SNOOKS—By ginger, when Clara sees these pawn tickets for my watch and diamond pin and ring I think she will change her mind about giving that luncheon. It's a pretty tough thing to do, but I'll wager it will save me two hundred. I'll just leave these tickets where she can find them.



3. MRS. SNOOKS—Why, John, what do these pawn tickets mean?
MR. SNOOKS—Well, dear, you insist on giving that luncheon, and there was no other way of my raising the money than to pawn my watch and pin and ring.



4. MRS. SNOOKS—Oh, John, pray forgive my thoughtlessness and my extravagance. I don't want the luncheon if it is to cost you this fearful self-sacrifice. Redeem these tickets at once, John, dear, and I'll never again put your loving kindness to such a test.